

A MARVEL COMICS SUPER SPECIAL!

# KISS



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photos and features.

*Printed in real KISS blood.*



# Welcome to the Marvel Universe.



## The Marvel Universe.

It's the crazed satire of **HOWARD THE DUCK**, a sentient fowl from another dimension, trapped in the lunatic world of human beings.

It's the superheroics of **THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN**, battling such astonishing foes as Dr. Octopus, the Vulture, the Kingpin.

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Welcome to the Marvel Universe.

# You may never want to go home again.

**Stan Lee  
and  
rock  
steady  
PRODUCTIONS  
present:**



**GENE SIMMONS ★ PAUL STANLEY ★ PETER CRISS ★ ACE FREHLEY**

**Written & produced for Marvel Comics by STEVE GERBER**

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# KISS and Tell

Inside Dope And Editorial  
Opinion By Steve Gerber

What am I doing here?

I keep telling myself, I'm too old for this. My gawds, twenty-nine! Strictly Beatles generation. Aversion to over-loud music in general and heavy-metal in particular. It's all sounds alike! A sure sign of encroaching senility! Haven't been to a rock concert in years. Album purchases on the decline. Sure, I was a disc jockey on KISS, the campus station at St. Louis U., but that was eons ago! Sure, I used to teach a college course in rock and communication, but, lordy—can I even remember the names of all five Stones anymore, much less why "Play With Fire" was credited to Nanker Phelge, rather than Jagger-Richard, as writer?

The point of all this is, comic book writers are terribly busy people. So busy, and so thoroughly immersed in their own creative and business woes, that it's hard to keep up with the outside world. Or even rock'n'roll.

So it was with some skepticism that I received the news that Marvel Comics was discussing the possibility of a magazine starring a rock group called KISS.

Kiss.  
At the time I'd, well, sorta heard of 'em, kinda. I'd admired their logo on T-shirts I'd seen walking the sidewalks of New York. But I'd not heard so much as a note of their music, or even seen their costumes and painted faces.

On the other hand, publisher Stan Lee and I had occasionally, informally, discussed the notion of Marvel's entering the rock magazine field. So, even in my abysmal ignorance, I was interested. And when Stan asked if I'd want to edit this magazine about which I knew nothing, I jumped at the chance. It was important in principle.

Shortly after my first meeting on the subject with Stan, I was invited to the offices of Rock Steady Produc-

tions and Auccin Management—and to an excellent Mexican restaurant—by Alan Miller, who does promotion for the group. I saw films of KISS in concert, heard a few cuts from *Destroyer*, and, immediately, despite my rapidly-advancing age, found myself digging "Shout It Out Loud" and "Rock'n'Roll All Night." I tried, but I couldn't hold myself.

That experience was to be repeated when Bill Auccin, who manages the group, graciously had me flown to Toronto for the sole purpose of seeing and hearing a real, live KISS concert.

I was seated, along with a number of other press people, on a platform immediately adjacent to and level with the stage. Close enough to be blinded by the strobes and flares, deafened by the amps, shaken by the explosions. Close enough to feel the heat of those columns of flame that shoot toward the ceiling about midway through

Can you find the respectable person hidden in this picture? He/she is concealed somewhere among (left to right) writer Steve Gerber, bassist Gene Simmons, publisher Stan Lee, drummer Peter Criss, lead guitarist Ace Frehley, artist Alan Weiss, rhythm guitarist Paul Stanley, and manager Bill Auccin.



"firehouse." All this after a weird, sleepless night.

I reacted as any sane person would have: I started dancing! The raw energy was contagious. Any reservations I may have harbored about the volume of the music and the transcendence of the "glitter" fad were flensed from my consciousness by the sheer enthusiasm of the group themselves, their outrageous but highly professional showmanship, and their undeniable rapport with the audience. In a word, I was hooked.

Later, I learned that the KISS had started thinking of the group in all caps by this time; costumes were inspired by those of the Marvel superheroes. **Gene Simmons** had been a comics fan for most of his life, an aspiring artist and writer who'd even published a couple of "fantases" (it's a contraction of "fan magazine," and it denotes a magazine published by comics fans for other fans). The rock press had even begun referring to the group as "music's new superheroes." All the inherent potential storylines were beginning to emerge and coalesce.

That was almost a year ago.

For months, while rumors and speculation circulated in the press, the KISS Comics project seemed to die dormant. Everyone wanted to do it. No one could quite decide on when or how. I occupied my time with writing *HOWARD THE DUCK* and attending innumerable meetings—with Alan Miller to discuss promotion, with Sean Delaney, KISS's creative and spiritual advisor and full-time crazy person, to talk plot, with Stan Lee and Bill Auletto to discuss the state of the universe in general.

What took so long? You don't want to know, believe me. Suffice it to say that the proposed budget I'd drawn up for KISS made it the single most expensive project Marvel had ever undertaken. Stan, Bill, Alan, Sean, and I all agreed on one point, at least: if we were gonna do it, we were gonna do it right. This had to be more than a comic book. It had to be an event, and, immodest as this may sound, a work of art.

Then, at last, just prior to Christmas '76 came the proverbial "breakthrough in negotiations." We were ready to roll. And suddenly what had languished for months was transformed into a Race Against Time, a duel to the death with the Dreaded Deadline Doom! As these words are written (February 19, the day after KISS's triumphant S.R.O. date at Madison Square Garden, artist Alan Weiss and I are sweating, despite the

bitter cold outdoors, to ready the magazine for its June release. Fortunately, it only requires a daily investment of twenty-four hours.

Why the big rush? Again, you don't want to know. Chalk it up to the intricacies of magazine production and distribution. And let's change the subject. We'll insert some asterisks just to make it official.

\*\*\*

There! Feel better already!

Now that you're aware of what's transpired behind-the-scenes, let's consider the product itself.

It's History. The first fusion of rock music with the comics medium to create a new and viable hybrid.

When word of the project first leaked—via my big mouth—to the press and the fans, KISS fans and Marvel fans, the reception was as dubious and cynical as could be expected. A KISS comic book? What the hell could it be like? *Yellow Submarine* without a soundtrack, just subtitles? The Monkees with word balloons? *SPIDER-MAN* with guitars?

None of the above.

From the project's inception, our attention was riveted on the singularly unique aspect of KISS—that the four personae who appear onstage are direct outgrowths of the group members' own individual fantasies. **Gene Simmons**, **Paul Stanley**, **Peter Dink**, **Ace Frehley**, the **Demon**, the **Starchild**, the **Cat**, the **Space-Ace**. Personalities turned inside out. A photographic negative. All the character traits you and I normally submerge or suppress trotted out onstage for the inspection of, literally, a whole world.

Moreover, as Paul once remarked to Frank Rose of *Circus*: "There's a lot of people doing straight jobs where the only thing that gets them by is thinking they're really hip anyway. We just look the way they feel. We make our own rules, we live our own life, and you can follow us but we won't follow anybody else. KISS is a way of life."

So KISS comics became more than a potentially lucrative project, more than just another Big Event, for that matter. In a very real sense, particularly for Alan Weiss and myself, it became a Cause. We had something to say.

KISS says it implicitly in the outlandish theatricality of their stage act. And it's been one of the major themes of rock in general since Bill Haley and the Comets. It's also at the core of the psychodrama, the Human Potential Move-

ment, transactional analysis, and probably a few dozen other factions and schools of psychological thought.

**YOU CAN BE ALL YOU CAN BECOME.**

Yeah. That's simple. That's profound, too.

The problem, it would seem, is that most people get this message backward: "All you can be is what you are," or something like that, so you may as well throw in the towel right now. You just cut out all that silly daydreaming. It's a waste of time. You'll never get to the top of the ladder by fantasizing, kiddo.

What's at the top of the ladder?

Another ladder.

But they don't tell you that.

Rarely, too, are people—especially young people—informed that there exists a choice of ladders. That, in fact, each human being is free to build his own goddamn ladder if he or she wants rock and roll all night? Party every day? Obviously, if you can construct your own ladder you can throw your own bash. Pick your metaphor.

Needless to say, this has also been the implicit message of comic books, and especially Marvel Comics, for decades. There is a place in our lives, all our lives, for dreaming. There is a demon, a stardust, a cat, a space ace, a Spider-Man in each of us. The living child, with all its curiosity, all its creativity, and its insatiable yen for exploration and adventure.

But this is getting pretty heavy. Time to change channels again.

\*\*\*

By now it's no secret that we're excited about KISS—what it means to comics, what it means for rock, what it means to those of us personally involved in the project, and, of course, what it means to the armies of KISS and Marvel fans. If we've successfully accomplished what we set out to do, we may have created a new art form, or at least a new genre. And in the process entertained a few hundred thousand people.

We're interested in your evaluation of our efforts. Would you like to see more magazines of this type? Want to see more adventures of KISS? You can let us know, preferably in no uncertain terms, by writing to:

**KISS**

**C/O Marvel Comics  
575 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10022**

And now, after just a one-page intermission to introduce the villain of our piece, we proudly present the hottest superhero band in the world—**I**

# A Brief Biography of DR. DOOM



**Based upon "The Fantastic Origin of Dr. Doom" by Stan Lee and Jack Kirby**

He is a master of robotics, of physics and chemistry, of aerodynamics and micro-miniature electronics. Yet he dwells within the ancient stone walls of a Central European castle. He is absolute monarch of the tiny Balkan kingdom Latveria. Yet he shuns the self-indulgent pomp and pageantry of royalty, disdains the ritualized adoration of his subjects, preferring instead their unmitigated obedience, and an almost reclusive existence. He is a man of many passions—all concealed. He is one of the wealthiest men in the world, yet he permits himself no luxury, no comfort, except his solitude.

He is the living paradox named Victor Von Doom.

\*\*\*

Sometime in the early 1920's, in the storybook kingdom of Latveria, a son was born to the gypsy family Von Doom. The father was a healer, a physician, inventor of his own father's knowledge of herbs, barks, berries, roots, and the curative potions obtainable through their combination. The mother was notable primarily for the circumstances of her death: in a pit, with stones raining down on her head. Certain persons thought her to be a witch.

It was a difficult time to be a gypsy. Caught between two eras, they were hated and feared by the slowly fading adherents to the agrarian past, hated and scoffed at by the proponents of the industrial future, hated and persecuted—but respected—by the powers that were. That reluctant regard for gypsy prowess in certain areas, among them medicine, was the elder Von Doom's undoing.

One day, when Victor was barely ten summers old, his father was summoned to the royal palace and ordered to save the life of the ailing queen.

"I shall try my utmost, of course, sire," protested Von Doom, "but I can offer no guarantee of success. Your own physicians have admitted their inability to effect a cure."

"Then let me inform you, Von Doom," replied the king, "that should you fail, I can offer no guarantee that you shall leave this palace with your head."

The queen died.

Von Doom fled for his life, eluding the royal guardsmen just long enough to make a quick stop at the gypsy encampment to pick up young Victor, reasoning soundly that the boy would surely be the king's target if Von Doom made good his escape alone.

For months, through the passing of fall and on into a bitter winter, Von Doom and son roamed the forests, always a step ahead of their pursuers. The elements, however, proved impossible to avoid, and one day the gypsy wagons found Von Doom and his son huddled together in a blanket, covered with snow, at the side of a road. The father was moribund.

Within hours, despite the ministrations of the gypsies, Von Doom was dead. His last words, voiced to Boris, an old friend and member of the tribe: "My son... protect..."

"No one need protect me, father!" Victor wailed. "I shall be strong! I shall make them pay for what they did to you and to mother!"

But Boris knew the real meaning of Von Doom's impassioned plea: Victor would need no protection, it was true. However, the world must somehow be safeguarded against the lifelong rage that would burn in the child's soul.

When Von Doom had been buried, Boris presented young Victor with the few possessions his father had left behind. Among these was a curiously decorated trunk, marked with arcane astrological symbols, which Victor had never seen before. Inside it he found a strange collection of cards, charms, fetishes, talismans—all the implements of sorcery. And he realized with grim satisfaction that the accusations made of his mother were joyfully, wondrously true. He was the son of a physician and a witch.

\*\*\*

Victor Von Doom threw all his energies into the study of both parents' crafts. By the end of his eighteenth summer, the boy had established a reputation as an inventor, a magician, a philosopher, and a rogue. For his devices were created to victimize the wealthy and the powerful—like the slave that cured headaches, but induced blindness, like the "magic" violin which made any man a virtuoso until Victor, safely out of reach, flicked a switch and shut off its power source.

Indeed, word of Victor's accomplishments spread so rapidly and so far that he was offered an opportunity to study at a major university in the United States. Anxious for the access this would provide to far more advanced laboratory facilities, Victor accepted.

But tragedy lay at the end of the journey. During an unauthorized experiment on university premises, Victor's elaborate device for communication with the spirit world exploded, permanently disfiguring his face. He was summarily expelled.

By this time, World War I had erupted in Europe, so rather than returning to his birthplace, Victor set out for the Himalayas, determined to learn the mystical secrets of Tibetan lamas. He did, indeed, by the time he was ready to depart, his teachers were calling him "master."

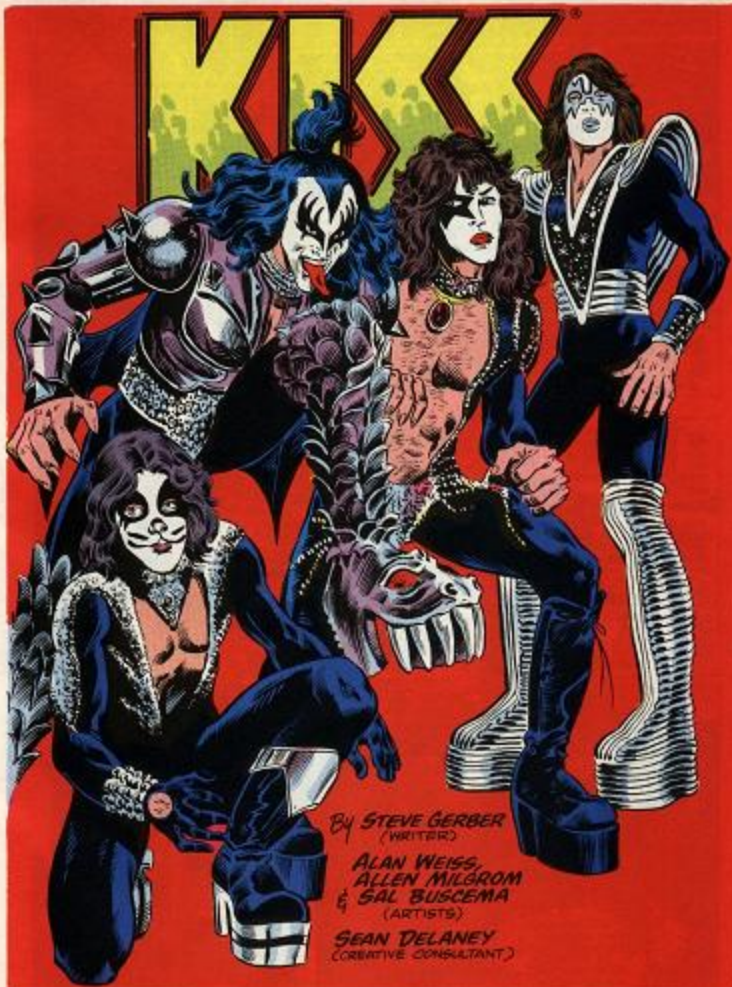
It was in Tibet that Doom's strange costume was forged, the cold grey armor, the emotionless iron mask which would forever hide his ravaged countenance from view.

And it was there he swore a vow that one day, all the world would acknowledge him as its sovereign. He has not abandoned that vow. Power remains his obsession to this day.

The world may not yet bow to his every command, but the very mention of his name sends shudders up the spines of men and of nations.

And, hey—that's a start.





By STEVE GERBER  
(WRITER)

ALAN WEISS,  
ALLEN MILGROM  
& SAL BUSCEMA  
(ARTISTS)

SEAN DELANEY  
(CREATIVE CONSULTANT)

ON THEIR WAY UP MANHATTAN'S SEVENTH AVENUE, TOWARD A REN-DEZVOUS WITH TWO CHUMS AT "PLAYLAND," YOUNG GENE SYMMONS AND PAUL STANLEY DEAL WITH ONE OF LIFE'S PREDICTABLE CRISSES: THE PASSAGE FROM ADOLESCENCE INTO--



--ACCOUNTANCY!!  
CAN YOU BELIEVE  
IT, PAUL!!

HE ACTUALLY ORDERED  
ME TO DITCH MY WHOLE  
COMIC COLLECTION--  
AND THEN LAUNCHED INTO  
HIS "BECOME A C.P.A. AND  
SEE THE WORLD" ROUTINE!

SOME WORLD--  
FROM THE DEBIT  
COLUMN TO THE  
CREDITS AND  
BACK!

THE HELL OF IT IS,  
PAUL--I KEEP  
THINKIN', MAYBE  
HE'S RIGHT--!

AND THE SAVY SUB-  
WAY RIDE  
TWICE A DAY,  
AT \$1.50  
AND FIVE,  
HUH?

MAYBE LIFE IS JUST  
SHOPPING LISTS AND  
CAR PAYMENTS AND  
CHECKBOOKS, AND  
CON ED BILLS--!



AND BEING "TOO OLD  
FOR COMIC BOOKS," MAN--  
TOO OLD AND TIRED  
AND PLUGGED INTO  
REALITY TO LET YOUR-  
SELF DREAM!

MAYBE IT IS  
TRUE, PAUL--  
MAYBE WE  
GOTTA LET GO  
OF OUR MAN-  
TASIES  
SOMETIME!

MAN-- THAT'S JUST  
WHAT THEY WANT  
YOU TO BELIEVE.

"THEY"--?



EVERYBODY WHO'S INVESTED  
IN "THE LINE," GENE-- THE  
LINE THAT SAYS ADOLESCENCE  
AND PERPETUAL DRIVE-ROB  
ARE SYNONYMOUS!

THE LINE YOU'RE  
SUPPOSE TO  
TOE!

RIGHT?

LOOK, I HAVEN'T GOT  
IT ALL DOPED OUT YET--  
BUT I SEE US AS  
SUPERSTARS,  
NOT ACCOUNTANTS!

--THAT STILL  
SAYS I'M  
TOO OLD TO  
READ COMIC  
BOOKS!

EVEN YOU  
THINK SO!  
DENY IT!

OKAY, THEN--  
BRING ON THE REAL  
WORLD! I ADMIT  
IT! YOU REALLY  
DON'T REET BAR-  
BARIANS ON THE  
STREETS OF NEW  
YORK  
IN HET?



SO WHAT IF  
THE POPULAR  
KIDS THINK  
WE'RE NERDS?  
THERE'S A WHOLE  
WORLD OUT  
THERE--

WELL...?

AND THE ONE  
THAT SAYS-- IF  
THEY DON'T LOVE  
YA IN HIGH  
SCHOOL, THEY  
NEVER WILL!



UPON ROUNDING THE CORNER, HOWEVER, GENE AND PAUL ARE REMINDED HOW FUTILE IT CAN BE...

...TO ATTEMPT ANY GENERALIZATION ABOUT THE BIG, ROTTEN APPLE.

P. PAUL -- LOOK AT HIS FACE! BEHIND THOSE SHADES...

WHAT'LL WE DO-- CAN'T JUST STAND AN' GAWK--!

-- HE'S BLIND!

BUT THERE MUST BE A DOZEN GOONS ON 'EM--!

THE BOX, OLD MAN -- JUST FORK IT OVER, AN' HELL SKIP MERRILY AWAY!

NEVER, DOGS!! I SWEAR AN' CATH--!

E'EN UNTO DEATH SHALL I BATTLE UNTIL THOSE WHO RIGHTFULLY--

BY THE GODS!! THEY'RE HERE!! THEY'VE COME!!

FOR WITHIN YON BOX RESIDE THINE OWN SELVES -- THY LOVE AND THY RAGE, THY GRACE AND THY POWER --!

THE TRUTH AND THE MYSTERY OF MIND AND BODY, INTELLECT AND EMOTION, TIME AND SPACE --!

GO! FULFILL THY PROMISE! REALIZE ALL THAT THOU ART!

HEADS UP, FLAMING YOUTH! HITHER COMETH THY DESTINY!!

!ULP!

YOU HEARD 'EM, PAUL -- RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!!

MEANWHILE, A BLOCK OR TWO AWAY AT "PLAYLAND," A REARY PETER CROSS PROVIDES THE BACKBEAT FOR ANOTHER ACE FRENLEY PUNBALL MARATHON...

C'MON, ACE, YOU BEEN PLAYIN' THAT SAME BALL FOR NINE-AN-NINE NOW! 480,000 POINTS IS ENOUGH!

LET IT  
DROP? I  
WANT A  
TURN!

I SIGHT  
IF ONLY IT  
WERE UP  
TO ME

I WOULD SAY ~~AND~~  
--AND THE LITTLE  
BALL WOULD DROP--  
BUT PINBALL ISN'T  
THE STOCK  
MARKET, CURLY...

HL7A =

AN UNFOUNDED RUMOR  
AN INJUDICIOUS WORD  
WILL CAUSE A STORM  
TO PROPE... BUT THE  
COSMOS, OF WHICH  
PINBALL IS A MICRO-  
COSM OF-- THE MUSIC  
OF THE SPHERES--  
PLAYS ON...

AM I  
MAKING  
MYSELF  
CLEAR,  
CURLY...?

I DUNNO.  
WHY DON'T  
YOU ASK  
SOME AND  
PAUL?

**All  
Guys!  
WHAT'S...?**

HALLO, CURLY...  
HALLO, CURLY...

**STARSH  
THIS!  
QUICK!**

OH  
KATY!

SURE HAS  
BEEN FUN  
WITH YOU  
GUYS.

THE PHOTO BOOTH, PULL HURRY!...WE CAN HIDE IN THERE!

GO TELL  
ME, ACE--  
WHY DO I  
FEEL LIKE  
I'VE BEEN  
SET UP..?

THE BALL DROPPED,  
CURLY--YOUR TURN!

THEY'RE NOT  
THE TYPE TO  
SAMPLIFY. I  
WONDER WHAT--?









FOR A MOMENT THEREAFTER, ALL SOUND SEEMING TO CEASE, THE THURS, THE "PLAY-LAND" PATRONS, THE WEIRD FOLK, ALL STARE AT ONE ANOTHER IN STUNNED SILENCE.



TAKE 'EM!!

--THE PEACE AND QUIET DOESN'T LAST FOR LONG.

VAARRGH



HOLY MOTHER--!

YAAAARRGH



H-HIS BOOT--  
I THINK IT--  
BUT ME!!

FAR  
OUT!

GENE  
SOUNDS LIKE  
A CROSS  
BETWEEN A  
BULLDOZER  
AND A  
DINOSAUR!

BUT, AS USUAL... SOMEBODY'S  
GOTTA GUARD HIS REAR  
PLANK!

AND IT LOOKS  
LIKE I'M  
ELECTED!







NAUGHTY LITTLE  
RATS! PUDDY  
TAT'S GOTCHA!

BUT I DON'T EAT  
RATS--SO I'LL LET  
YOU GO--

...IF YOU  
PROMISE  
TO SCAT!



WELL, ALL  
RIGHT!  
A BRUCE  
LEE FAN!

BUT I GOT  
TEETH  
FOR YOU,  
MUNCHAKU!



THE DRAGON  
IS DEAD!

THOUGHT  
YOU MIGHT SEE  
IT ANY WAY.

BUG OUT,  
CURLY.

YOU DID IT--  
DEAD AN' GONE--  
AN' YOU'RE PAR-  
ALYZED WITH  
GRIEF!!



THAT'S THE LAST  
OF 'EM! NOW 'BOUT  
WE SPLIT BEFORE  
THE COPS SHOW UP!

I WOULD  
CONSIDER  
THAT  
HIGHLY  
ADVISABLE.

SO SAYING,  
ACE GESTURES.

...AND THE  
GROUP HITS  
THE ROAD!



WHILE FRINGE  
LIES COLLAPSED IN  
A CORNER...



...MUMBLING  
INTO HIS WRIST-  
WATCH.

TH- THEY  
GOT  
AWAY!!



AND SUR-  
PRISE: THE  
WRISTWATCH  
ANSWERS!



WITH EMPA-  
THIC DISAPPRO-  
VAL.



END OF DIS-  
CUSSION.

END OF  
FRINGE.

UNLIKE THE STREET ONEFAN,  
HOWEVER, THE FOUR YOUNG  
RE-MATERIALIZED-- AN  
INSTANT LATER AND MILES  
AWAY.

THE STATUE OF  
LIBERTY...!

LONG  
MAY SHE  
WAVE!

SOMEBODY  
EXPLAIN THIS  
TO ME! HOW'D  
WE GET FROM 50TH  
STREET TO SOUTH  
FERRY WITHOUT--?

INSTANTANEOUS MATTER  
TRANSPORT--TELEPOR-  
TATION! IF YOU READ  
COMICS, YOU'D KNOW!

YES, BUT  
HOW--WHO--?

AGE-21

I CANNOT TELL  
A LIE; I THUMBED  
THE RED.

WELL, I STILL  
DON'T GET IT!  
LOOK AT US!  
WHAT HAVE WE  
BECOME?

POWERFUL--  
FOR THE FIRST  
TIME IN OUR  
LIVES!!

IT'S TRUE... WE'RE  
NOT KIDS ANYMORE  
...MAYBE WE'RE NOT  
EVEN HUMAN...!

I MEAN--I HAD  
TOTAL CONTROL  
OVER THAT HOOD'S  
EMOTIONS--!

AND THEN  
THERE'S THE MATTER  
OF THE  
MOON.







THE ROYAL  
ENTOURAGE.



--EACH MORE  
ALLURING  
THAN THE ONE  
BEFORE--



--FOR  
THEIR  
MASTER'S  
IRON  
BOOT TO  
TRAMPLE!

FOR THEIR  
MASTER IS  
NONE  
OTHER THAN THE  
METAL-  
MASKED  
MONARCH  
OF  
LATVERIA--

--DOCTOR  
DOOM!





I CAN ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS  
PERTAINING TO YOUR FANZINE-  
MATION, YOUTHS--

--FOR IT WAS ACCOMPLISHED  
WITH MAGICAL ENERGIES WHICH,  
BY RIGHT, BELONGED TO ME!

JUST AS YOU, THE  
VESSELS OF SAID  
ENERGY, MUST BECOME  
THE PROPERTY OF...  
DR. DOOM.

HEY, GUY--  
DID HE SAY  
"VESSELS"?

--OR  
"VESSELS"?



THE BOX OF AMICEE  
WAS AMONG THE IM-  
PLEMENTS OF EGYPT  
SORCERER WHICH I  
WAS TO HAVE INHER-  
ITED UPON MY MOTHER'S  
DEATH.

"BUT THERE WERE THOSE  
AMONG THE EGYPTIANS  
WHO DISCOVERED ITS POWER  
TOO APPROPRIATE FOR  
MY DOOM TO POSSESS.  
THUS, DURING MY YOUTH-  
FUL SOJOURN IN TIBET--

"THEY STOLE THE BOX  
OF AMICEE--AND ONE  
OF THE TIBETAN ADEPTS  
BROUGHT IT TO THESE  
UNITED STATES, WHERE  
HE DEVOTED HIS LIFE  
TO ITS SAFEGUARDING."

"THE OLD MAN WHO PRESENTED THE BOX UPON  
YOU--THE STREET ALKOHOLIC KNOWN ON  
TIMES SQUARE AS 'DIZZY THE MAN'--  
WAS THAT SELF-SAME EGYPTIANS MISTAKE!"

"AND YES, THE  
RUFFIANS WHO  
BOUGHT TO SEIZE  
THE BOX WERE IN  
MY EMPLOY."

SEE "A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY  
OF DR. DOOM" ELSEWHERE  
IN THIS MAGAZINE FOR FUR-  
THER DETAILS. --S.G.

I CAN ANTICIPATE WHERE  
THIS IS LEADING! DIRECTLY TO  
LATVERIA AND OUR ETERNAL  
SUBJUGATION BY DR. DOOM!

NO HUMAN BEING  
SINCE HITLER HAS  
UNDERSTOOD THE  
PSYCHOLOGY OF  
POWER AS  
DOOM DOES.

BUT MUCH AS I'D  
LIKE TO SPEEDY AT  
HIS FEET--I DON'T  
THINK I'D GET OFF  
ON LYING HIS  
BOOT.

BOSS, WE'VE  
NOT A FIGHT ON  
OUR HANDS.

EVEN AS THAT THOUGHT FORMS  
IN THE DEMON'S MIND...

...DOOM'S GUNNY  
MACHINES EXTRACT  
FROM THEIR BASKETS  
INDENIABLE EVIDENCE  
OF ITS  
TRUTH.

IN ANY EVENT, MY  
FRIENDS, THE GUNSHOT  
OF THIS UNFORTUNATE  
IMBROGLIO--

--SINCE I CAN NO LONGER  
POSSESS THE BOX OF NOISE--  
IS THAT I MUST OWN  
YOU!

I DON'T LIKE  
THE LOOK IN THEIR  
EYES! SOMETHIN'  
WINKIN'--

JEEZ, I THINK  
THEY'RE ACTUALLY  
GONNA--

**FIRE!**  
THUNDERBOLTS  
DOCTOR  
DOOM!

OKAY,  
MONSTER--  
NOW  
WHAT??

**BOOM**

WHAT DO  
YOU THINK,  
GLAMOR-  
PANTS?

**YEAARRGH**

ONCE AGAIN, FLAME  
SPIRITS FROM THE  
DEMON'S EBONY LIPS--

--MELTING THE "SKIN"  
FROM DOOM'S JAWLS,  
REVEALING THEM AS--  
**ROBOTS!**

**WE  
FIGHT BACK!**





BEYOND--  
FAR  
BEYOND.

WHAT WE CALL "THE  
WORLD" SEEMS  
SUDDENLY TO EVAPORATE--  
AS THE FEARFUL FIND  
THEMSELVES HURTLING  
THROUGH SOME  
INTERDIMEN-  
SIONAL  
VOID!





UH... I THINK  
MAYBE I  
OVERDID IT!

THERE ARE NO TOUCHSTONES  
HERE, NO FRAME OF REFERENCE  
AT ALL... NO UP OR DOWN, IN OR  
OUT, TO OR FROM, NOW OR THEN--!

JUST THE UNEARTHLY COLD--  
THE SENSE OF WEIGHTLESSNESS--  
THE TERRIBLE ISOLATION FROM  
ALL THAT IS FAMILIAR-- AND THE  
FALLING-- INTO FOREVER-- A  
SPACE OUTSIDE TIME--!



MEANWHILE, WHAT OF NEW YORK'S REACTION TO THESE EVENTS?

THE OFFICES OF J. JONAH JARVIS, PUBLISHER OF THE **DAILY BUGLE**, THE FOLLOWING MORNING:

**WHAT?!**



**BLAST!** MURDOCH HAD A PHOTOGRAPHER AT SOUTH FERRY BEFORE THE FIGHT WAS OVER! THE FIGHTS ON THE STREET WITH AN EXTRA AND PICTURES!

I WANT PHOTOS OF THOSE GLITTERY GOONS, PARKER--OR YOU CAN GO TO WORK FOR THE KANGAROOS, TOO!



**MOVE, PARKER!!**

**EVER THE FAITHFUL EMPLOYEE...**

PETER PARKER SETS OUT--IN HIS OWN DISTINCTIVE MANNER--TO SCOUR THE CITY FOR ANY SIGN OF THE AVENGERS QUARTET.

OF COURSE, AT THE MOMENT, IT'S A FUTILE EFFORT, EVEN FOR THE AMAZING

**SPIDER-MAN!**



**WHAT ARE THEY?**

BUT HIS WEB-SLINGING TOUR OF SCOUTING CARRIES HIM PAST THE BAXTER BUILDING, HEADQUARTERS OF THE FABLES **FANTASTIC FOUR...**

...WHERE, EVEN NOW, THE INVISIBLE GIRL, MRS. FANTASTIC, AND THE THINGS ARE OCCUPIED WITH SIMILAR CONCERNS.

TH- THEY'RE APPEARS REED--SUCH EYES IN THEIR FACES!

WE ALGAIN'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCES, BLUE.

THAT'S TELLIN' HER, STRETCH!



BESIDES, I THINK THEY'RE KINDA CUDLY, LOOKIN'!!

COURSE I ALWAYS GET SENTIMENTAL WHEN I SEE SOMETHIN' EVEN USUER 'N ME!

**ENTER: THE AVENGERS TORCH.**



**REED-- I'VE GOT THE AVENGERS ON THE VISHPHONE!**



PRASE THE **WISDOM**!!  
THE ABENERS HAVE  
ASKED NOT TO INTER-  
FERE... **DIZZY**.



ARE THEY STILL  
**VISIBLE** IN YOUR  
**CRYSTAL**, DR.  
STRANGE?



THE **FOUR**  
**YOUTHS**?

YES, **DIZZY**, BUT  
THEIR **IMAGES**  
ARE **FADING**  
RAPIDLY.

THEIR  
JOURNEY  
THROUGH  
DIMENSIONAL  
SPACE IS  
NEARLY  
AT ITS **END**.

AND THE TIME HAS  
COME TO APPRE-  
HEND THE **REVEAL** OF  
WHAT WE KNOW...



...OR  
AS  
MUCH  
AS WE  
DARE  
**REVEAL**.

IN THE PARLOR OF DR. STRANGE'S  
SANCTUARY SANCTUARY WAITS YET  
ANOTHER ASSEMBLY OF SUPER-  
HUMANS!

DAREDEVIL, NIGHTHAWK, RED  
GUARDIAN, WALKYRIE, SON OF  
SATAN, THE HULK--

...THE **DEFENDERS**!



WELL, DOC--  
WHAT'S THE  
**PROBLEM**? DO  
WE STICK OUR  
NOSES IN THIS  
MESS OR NOT?

HULK  
SAYS  
**NO!**

LET WHITE-  
FACED  
FIGHT  
THEIR OWN  
FIGHT!

THE HULK'S  
OPINION  
MIRORS  
YOURS  
DOESN'T IT,  
STEPHEN?

AYE, **WHA**.

WE COULD SERVE  
ONLY TO **DISRUPT**  
THE MYSTIC  
FORCES AT  
PLAY HERE.

AND WHAT  
OF THE **FOUR**  
**YOUTHS**--?



THEY MUST ENDURE  
THE TRIALS BEFORE  
THEM-- **WITHOUT**  
OUR AID.

FATE, NOT I, HAS  
THUS DECREED.

FOR THEY  
SHALL EVER  
GROW AND  
STRONGER  
BY FAIR FOR  
THEIR  
TRAVELS...

...ASSUMING  
THEY **SURVIVE**.





# get off!

Living on this strife-torn globe, you know that each and every one of us needs one thing: a way to **Get off!**

**Get off on Kiss**

**Get off** your ass and strut yer stuff

**Get off** at Broadway and 42nd St.

**Get off** on parole

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# Blood on the Plates



by Stark Raven

How much is a band supposed to give?

It's been a rock 'n' roll tradition since the days of Johnny Ray—who would collapse in hysterical sobs onstage while straining his vocal cords to unheard-of extremes of attenuation—that the performer must suffer, or at least labor, for his audience. The limos, glad rags, American Express cards, and

adulation were never supposed to come easy.

But how much is a band expected to give?

The mind? The body? The very souls of its members?

Oh, sure, that! But people expect that much even from Frank Sinatra.

Okay, well, how about life itself? The rolling

Stones sing of committing "suicide right on the stage" to satisfy the crowd's "teenage lust." And Jim Morrison, Janis Joplin, Brian Jones and Jimi Hendrix have achieved legend status by taking what might be termed a permanent pause for the cause: Is that enough? Are six prunes too many? Three, too few? If a star goes out in blaze of glory, it might create a stir, it might sell a few records, but ultimately, it deprives the audience—not to mention the star—of any future thrills, chills, and aesthetic gratification. So here's a vote for keeping the endangered species known as "rock star" from extinction.

Living the rock 'n' roll horror story is enough.

KISS, however, has added a new wrinkle to the traditional heavy metal gothic. With this band, the inner demons are all up-front, leaping and writhing around out there in the spotlight. Rather than haunting the stars, they've been loosed on the audience! ("You drive us wild, we'll drive you crazy.") Sure, KISS says: we'll move you, shake you, work up a steamy, pungent sweat for you. We'll blast your ears and rock your socks off and vibrate your bodies into joyful spasms. But you'll have to pay the price—we're gonna scare the pants off you!

KISS touches that part of us which, in more innocent days, led us by the nose into dark movie theatres on sunny Saturday afternoons and compelled us to watch Frankenstein, the Amazing Colossal Man, the Fly, and Rodan destroy entire cities and devour our fellow human beings. KISS is the The Wizard of Oz performed live, The Exorcist with a beat. KISS is to high school as Godzilla is to grade school. The raw, cathartic energy of their performance demands more than mere idolatry. They'll settle for nothing less than that unchewed kernel of popcorn you got caught at the back of your throat at the best Saturday matinee you ever saw. Booga-booga!

It's this conscious and willing participation in the horrific aspect of rock that sets KISS apart. The group itself is as monstrous and mysterious as the demon called Success.

Which brings us to the subject of ritual sacrifice.







ing. This is the age of Frankenberry and Count Chocula. Children sleep with terrycloth sharks instead of teddy bears. The old horror classics may retain their charm, but they're not as scary as Times Square at three a.m., or the nuclear power plant down the block.

As with science fiction, reality has outstripped the old horror movie. The challenge facing the contemporary writer of scary stuff is to reshape the mundane, the commonplace into an atmosphere that exudes terror: Satanism in the supermarket; voodoo at the gas station; Druids in Des Moines. The slobbering, snaggletoothed ogre sneaking up behind you! Look out! AAAAGH!!

You got the idea.

That's why KISS chose not to hire an occult



At this point, we feel obliged to state that the remainder of this article is intended for day-dreaming, fantasy-prone audiences: pre-teenagers and other sensitive readers, especially post-teenagers, may wish to look away. In other words, punks only past this point.

You see, KISS in typically demonic fashion, elected to celebrate the publication of this magazine . . . by bleeding for their fans.

A word or two now on the nature of horror. Transylvanian castles, mysterious uncharted islands, and cobwebs direct from central casting all have their place. But for the generation that's lived through Vietnam, Watergate, and interminable reruns of "The Munsters," they're simply no longer frighten-



priest, but rather a doctor to play the vampire. That's why the ceremony took place not out on the moors, cloaked by fog, but behind pristine white screens under the glare of photographers' lamps: what could be more blatantly horrific than arranging it all by appointment?

Nothing.

I know.

I was there: the photos accompanying this article are genuine.

"Step into my parlor," the physician's eyes seemed to say.

Gene, Paul, Peter, and Ace complied.

While I watched, the foursome rolled up their sleeves, or removed their gauntlets, and extended their arms. The doctor unveiled

his gleaming needles, and, one by one, with cold, professional precision, the veins were pierced and the dark red liquid extracted.

The vials were then placed in the Official KISS First Aid Kit and transported to a place of safekeeping—before Gene could drink them. Was there a purpose to all this, you ask?

There was indeed.

When this magazine goes to press, those vials will be lovingly poured into the vats of ink, making this the first comic book ever to be printed in blood.

A bond exists now and forevermore among KISS, their fans, and Marvel Comics: A blood brotherhood of truth, justice, and rock 'n' roll. That's how much a band is supposed to give.



# Let Air Latveria spirit you away



At last. The Carter Administration has lifted all restrictions on foreign travel, and Americans can once again visit the very kingdom known for centuries as the Jewel of the Balkans.

*Latveria, land of enchantment.*

Latveria, where the spell of incense and the spell of gypsy magic, so pervade the atmosphere you can almost feel your skin crawl.

Latveria. By day, stroll her quaint cobblestone streets. Visit the shops where skilled craftsmen still manufacture watches, calimetry, and sub-miniature ruby lasers by hand. By night, pedal her back alleys. You really haven't lived 'til you've spent an evening for two in a Latverian lazzari, sipping aphrodisiac potions and tapping your toe to the blues improvisations of the Black Forest Five.

And winter sports enthusiasts will find Latveria a wonderland. Skiing. Skating.

Toboggaring. And of course the famous outdoor robes gladiatorial marches.

Latveria. Where there's no pollution, no crime, and no politics, by decree of the government.

Air Latveria has more flights to this magic kingdom than any other airline. In fact, we're speculations—we only fly to Latveria. Let us spirit you away. Midnight flights from JFK, LaGuardia, and Newark nightly. Liberal discounts on advance bookings, charter flights, and excursions. And don't forget to ask about our special plan for defectors.



We get you there! Getting back is up to you.

**AIR LATVERIA**



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# Where No Band Has Tread Before

**A KISS History, complete  
with discography**

by Michael Gross





The best way to understand KISS is to look at the faces in the concert-going crowd, tens of thousands of faces attached to the fans who have made KISS America's premier rock and roll band. "Our audiences," drummer Peter Criss once said, "are a show in themselves."

In the front row is a bat-faced Gene Simmons lookalike, his tongue twirling towards his girl with swooping, diving finesse. A few rows back sit four blind children. They couldn't be more than fourteen years old, and at first glance their individual genders are indiscernible; yet they wear the distinctive markings of a space-Ace Frehley, a starchild Paul Stanley, another mean-Gene, and a feinely curious Peter Criss. Fantasy identity. That's KISS.

Just as important, that's the KISS Army.

So there are two stories to tell. Two stories that lead to the recording of KISS' sixth Casablanca album, **Rock and Roll Over**. One story begins, for us, in a loft on West 23rd Street in New York City. The other begins in the mind of a loyal KISS fan from Terre Haute, Indiana.

First, New York.

Gene Simmons and Paul Stanley, both recently estranged from other, unsuccessful local rock bands, rent the aforementioned loft as a rehearsal hall. This time around they're determined to make it. The loft is an acoustic abomination; they stack egg crates on the walls to absorb the sound. The loft is draft-ridden, as chilly in mid-winter as the icy winds gusting through the concrete canyons outside. They pass a bottle of wine back and forth to keep warm. The loft is also easy prey to burglars—and, yes, at one point Gene and Paul return to the place from a rare night out to find they've been ripped off.

Working night and day, trudging home only to sleep, Gene and Paul begin to shape the rhythm and bass foundation of the distinctive KISS sound. Together and separately, they compose music and lyrics, several of which will ultimately be recorded on KISS' first album. Too, they conceive the idea of a band with "secret identities," faces hidden behind decorative make-up.

Asked where he was born, Gene Simmons invariably replies: "I was hatched." Asked where he was hatched, Gene will occasionally allow as how he came out of his shell in New York City. One needn't ask Paul; his face tells the tale of his emergence from the breast of Venus, by way of Zeus, god of thunder. Gene grew up in a world

of Lon Chaney films, Marvel Comics, bats, capes, pit tarantulas, and self-induced bloody dream hallucinations. Paul is rumored to be the reincarnation of a medieval prince who died in the dungeon of a jealous rival and vowed that his next life would be dedicated to love in all its forms. In his present incarnation, however, he too is a native New Yorker.

Peter Criss, as legend has it, was rescued from a jungle plane crash by a pack of sabre-tooths; he often recalls the softness of his foster mother's coat with a tear and a smile. At the ripe age of three (perhaps four, because time works slowly in the wilderness of youth), Kitten Criss was snared and removed from his jungle habitat by a band of white hunters. Their intent, the legend continues, was to domesticate Pete, but they soon discovered he had no inclination toward a quiet life of K&L Can and Litter Green. He escaped, snapping the barrels of their rifles with his teeth, and beat a path all the way to the alleys of New York.

There, some years later, an ad in **Rolling Stone** leads him to Simmons and Stanley.

"Are you thin?" they ask him, over the telephone. Gene and Paul had both shed considerable weight during their starvation stay in the loft. "Yeah," Pete answers, puzzled. "You're hired," they reply. Already, Gene and Paul have come to recognize the importance of **Image** to their future success.

Another ad, this one in the **Village Voice**, and then there are four: "This tall fellow walked in," Gene recalls, "wearing one orange sneaker and one red one." Ace Frehley, the space cadet son of a team of interplanetary explorers stranded on earth in some bizarre "star trek" out-take, He prances and pulses. He plays guitar. His eyes and mind are seemingly focused on Andromeda most of the time, but somehow the right notes always emanate from the amp. Additional, independent brains in his fingertips? No one knows. But he, too, signs aboard the voyage to the outer reaches of rock and roll, where no band has tread before.

There is still the matter of a name for the quartet, however. Peter, Paul learns, had at one time played in a band called LIPS. It's close... but not **quite** right. Ambling down the sidewalks of Upper Broadway with Gene one day, the inspiration strikes him like a bolt from the black lips. Take it one step farther!

**KISS!**

When Paul proposed it to the others, they assented immediately and enthusiastically. Peter: "KISS, it really means a lot. It's the first thing you do to a chick or anybody. It could also be the kiss of death. It's a strong word. It's easy to remember." KISS is also one of the best, most distinctive names ever to come down the rock and roll pike. In an age when most bands' names read like whole paragraphs, KISS is eloquent and potent in its simplicity.

#### KISS!

Their first gig is at Coventry, a small club in Queens, New York, on January 30, 1973. Three nights for thirty dollars. But it's exposure. After Coventry, KISS plays at The Catsby in Amityville, New York, and the Bleeker Street Loft in Greenwich Village. In June, they record their first demo tape at Electric Lady Studios.



Paul recalls: "The studio owed Gene and me a thousand dollars. We took studio time instead. We made it clear we wanted Eddie Kramer producing. Gene and I had known Eddie since about 1970. He was **it** at Hendrix Electric Lady Studio. He'd worked for Jimi, Zep, Humble Pie. We made our first five-song demo tape with him, and he's still with us today."

The songs on the tape are "Deuce," "Strutter," "Watchin' You," "Black Diamond," and "Frenhouse."

During July and August, KISS appears at the Diplomat Hotel in midtown Manhattan. Though the gig is not as prestigious as it sounds—the Diplomat qualifies as a sort of luxury floozie—it proves disproportionately profitable. Fred Kirby gives the band an enthusiastic first press notice in **Variety**. And at their August 10th performance, they



are seen by Bill Aucorin, who recognizes their potential at once and offers to manage the group — if and **only** if they want to become superstars. Some if.

They agree immediately, and Aucorin requests two weeks to put together a recording deal. Two weeks later, the group signs with Neil Bogart's Casablanca Records, the first act to join this new label.

The show is on the road. The group's first album, entitled simply **Kiss**, hits the racks in February, 1974. **Hotter than Hell**, Kiss' second release, fol-

lows in October of the same year. And of course, there are the tours.

Kiss is the last band **ever** to play the Fillmore East, and through 1974 and 1975, Kiss averages a concert every other day. Soon, their agents are having a hard time finding anyone to play on a bill with them. Too outrageous, other bands complain. Too overwhelming. Too — too — undignified!

But the crowds feel differently. "It isn't an audience," **Circus** magazine says, "it's a veritable army of fanatics." In the tradition of Washington and Jefferson, Robespierre and Lenin, Castro

and Mao and please hold the lettuce, Kiss is leading a revolution, by the flash-pots' white glare.

With Casablanca president Bogart producing, Kiss records **Dressed to Kill** early in 1975. Combined with the material from their first two albums, they now have the musical and theatrical firepower to conquer America. And they do—in the concert halls.

Radio, however, proves a problem. Program directors, the people who decide which records you hear and which you don't on their stations, seemingly take an instant dislike to the weirdy



costumed fearsome and decide to nip the phenomenon in the bud. No band, they believe, can succeed, or even survive, without airplay. KISS gets no airplay. Thus, KISS will not survive, na na na. One phenomenon neatly squelched, KISS no longer exists. The thousands of fans at the hundreds of shows and the millions of hand claps that shake all those roofs do not exist, so they believe. Maybe they also believe that frogs wrapped in tin foil can't ride bicycles. The point is: what the program directors believe will prove entirely irrelevant.

**Alive!**, a two-to set produced by Eddie Kramer and released in September, 1975, becomes the first KISS album certified gold (one million dollars in record sales) and then **platinum** (one million copies sold). "We had to bring out a live album," says Gene Simmons, "because we'd been trying all along to capture our live sound in the studio."

Suddenly, radio stations are forced to sit up and take notice.

**Alive!** is the answer to a KISS fan's dreams. You want airplay? You got it. You wanna be on a rock mag cover? You got it. KISS can no longer be ignored—or contained.

KISS follows the live album with **Destroyer**, produced by Bob Ezrin, dense, filled with strings and things, marking their ascent to superstardom with an experiment that, had it failed, might have snuffed a lesser band. **Destroyer** informs KISS fans that the group will not flounder, decay, repeat themselves, or, most importantly, start playing rip-off reggae, joining the rock decay set, pandering to the Southern Californiaized loudly laid-back critical minority. There will be no tampering with their fan-fueled revolutionary ethic in any way.

The result? More magazine covers, TV coverage, more airplay, awards to hang on the walls, and a hit single by drummer Peter Dinklage—a ballad called "Beth" that no one really thought would happen. A ballad that the best A&M men in the country, the KISS Army, pull from the album and make a smash.

which leads conveniently to our second story. The one, as far as KISS is concerned, that really matters. WFTS radio in Terre Haute, Indiana, was being bombarded by letters from KISS fans who wanted to hear their favorite group crease the airwaves. The letters were read on the air. Thousands of calls blocked the WFTS switchboard. The entire town was bitten by the KISS bug.

"I don't know what this KISS is," said **Idle May Dearly**, the owner of a small Terre Haute confectionary, "but if you could package it, you'd make a fortune."

KISS hears about the ruckus and agrees to play in Terre Haute at the urging of local U.S. Army personnel and a rapidly growing fan club, the KISS Army. In freezing snow and twenty-degree temperatures, a crowd of fans greets KISS on their arrival. The mayor proclaims KISS Day. Ten thousand fans jam the concert hall in a town where, S.K.A. (before KISS Army), the group couldn't even get on the air.

KISS' tour of the nation's largest concert halls in 1976 puts the group solidly among the highest echelons of the rock elite. Attendance records are broken. With Space-Ace riffing, non-believers are converted with a flick of Gene's tongue; radio resistance is beaten down with a coy cat's boss of a drumstick and a nod towards lady Beth; and sex education classes are rendered obsolete with a bump of the Stanely hip. KISS becomes, in that otherwise dreary Bicentennial summer, the standard bearers of America's flaming youth. Even the minions of decency are forced to admit that a splendid time is being had by all.

At summer's end, Casablanca, in association with Aulcin Management and the KISS Army, releases a specially-priced limited edition, three-to set, consisting of **Kiss, Hotter than Hell**, and **Dressed to Kill**, entitled **The Originals**, for the legions of fans who'd discovered KISS since **Alive!** Blink your eye. That's how long it takes for all 250,000 copies to hit the streets. Music Biz definition of "scorists": Where the Action is! It calls to mind an oft-quoted comment from Bill Aulcin: "Initial reaction to the group was sometimes guarded and often simply hostile. As with many super talents, the public didn't know whether to love them or hate them."

Now they know. Love and KISS, the strangest match-up since Reagan-Schwartz, but this odd couple works!

Fall, 1976. With KISS now accepted as a force in American rock, and fast attaining a world-wide audience with a successful European tour behind them and a visit to Japan upcoming, Gene, Paul, Peter, and Ace head back to New York for the recording of their sixth Casablanca id Eddie Kramer, the first and the best, again occupies the producer's chair. "He turned down a live Led Zep id and a live Stones album to do this," Simmons says, flattered. "He







even got a personal call from Jagger!" Gene continues. "What we're trying to do this time out is a contradiction in terms—a live studio album. We recorded it at the Nassau Star Theater in New Jersey, a theatre in the round. Everyone's played here!" Simmons' eyes light up. "Even Marlene Dietrich usually we've spent about six days per album, laying the basic tracks. This time we spent two and a half weeks. It's a little lighter. No 'I Am the God of Creation' stuff, no voles, no howling dogs, no synthesizers, no harp choir, just four guys, tuning their instruments all the way up. We tried to experiment with **Destroyer**, satisfied our wanderlust, and we're back to doing what we do best, as the God of Thunder intended."

"Kiss is now onto big things," Kramer interjects. "They are playing their best ever, breaking new ground." And as the

## KISS Discography

### Albums

**KISS, Casablanca NBLP 7001, released 2/8/74.** "Strutter" (Stanley/Simmons), "Nether to Lose" (Simmons), "Firehouse" (Stanley), "Cold Gin" (Freheley), "Let Me Know" (Stanley), "Jossin' Time" (Mann & Lowe), "Deuce" (Simmons), "Love Theme From Kiss" (Stanley/Simmons/Criss/Freheley), "100,000 Years" (Stanley/Simmons), "Black Diamond" (Stanley).

**HOTTER THAN HELL, Casablanca NBLP 7006, released 10/22/74.** "Got to Choose" (Stanley), "Parasite" (Freheley), "Goin' Blind" (Simmons/Coronel), "Hotter Than Hell" (Stanley), "Let Me Go, Rock 'n' Roll" (Stanley/Simmons), "All the Way" (Simmons), "Watchin' You" (Simmons), "Mainline" (Stanley), "Comin' Home" (Stanley/Freheley), "Strange Ways" (Freheley).

**DRESSED TO KILL, Casablanca NBLP 7016, released 3/19/75.** Certified Gold. "Room

Service" (Stanley), "Two Timin'" (Simmons), "Ladies in Waiting" (Simmons), "Getaway" (Freheley), "Rock Bottom" (Stanley/Freheley), "C'mon and Love Me" (Stanley), "Anything for My Baby" (Stanley), "She" (Simmons/Coronel), "Love Her All I Can" (Stanley), "Rock and Roll All Nite" (Stanley/Simmons).

**ALIVE, Casablanca NBLP 7020, released 9/10/75.** 2-LP set; Certified Platinum. "Deuce," "Strutter," "Got to Choose," "Hotter Than Hell," "Firehouse," "Nether to Lose," "C'mon and Love Me," "Parasite," "She," "Watchin' You," "100,000 Years," "Black Diamond," "Rock Bottom," "Cold Gin," "Rock and Roll All Nite," "Let Me Go, Rock 'n' Roll."

**DESTROYER, Casablanca NBLP 7025, released 3/15/76.** Certified Platinum. "Detroit Rock City" (Stanley/Ezzini), "King of the Night Time World" (Fow-

ley/Anthony/Stamley/Ezzini), "God of Thunder" (Stanley), "Great Expectations" (Simmons/Ezzini), "Flaming Youth" (Freheley/Stamley/Simmons/Ezzini), "Sweet Pain" (Simmons), "Shout it Out Loud" (Simmons/Stamley/Ezzini), "Beth" (Criss/Pennigton/Ezzini), "Do You Love Me" (Fowley/Ezzini/Stamley).

**THE ORIGINALS, Casablanca NBLP 7032, released 7/21/76.** 3-LP set consisting of "Kiss," "Hotter Than Hell," and "Dressed to Kill."

**ROCK AND ROLL OVER, Casablanca NBLP 7037, released 11/1/76.** Certified Platinum. "I Want You" (Stanley), "Take Me" (Stanley/Delaney), "Calling Dr. Love" (Simmons), "Ladies Room" (Simmons), "Baby Driver" (Criss/Pennigton), "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" (Simmons), "Mr. Speed" (Stanley/Delaney), "See You in Your Dreams" (Simmons), "Hard Luck Woman" (Stanley), "Makin' Love" (Stanley/Delaney).

### Singles

"Let Me Go, Rock 'n' Roll" (Casablanca NB 803, released 1/10/75), "Rock and Roll All Nite" (Casablanca NB 809, released 4/2/75), "C'mon and Love Me" (Casablanca NB 841, released 7/10/75), "Rock

and Roll All Nite" (Casablanca NB 850, released 10/14/75), "Shout It Out Loud" (Casablanca NB 854, released 3/1/76), "Flaming Youth" (Casablanca NB 859, released 4/30/76), "Detroit Rock City" (Casablanca NB 863, released 7/28/76), b/w "Beth," "Hard Luck Woman" (Casablanca NB 875, released 10/1/76), "Calling Dr. Love" (Casablanca NB 880, released 1/3/77).

world's foremost genre of the live album, Kramer's last comment is the one that will carry the weight with KISS fans: "We have, without doubt, captured the live spirit of KISS. The beauty of Manuet was the infinite variety of acoustical conditions. The band rehearsed and played basic tracks in the main showroom. A turner under the stage was used to enhance the bass. Microphones around the perimeter of the hall captured the full live sound. Acoustic guitars were recorded in the ticket lobby. It was the best of all pos-



went to Ypsilanti **KISS went to the people!**

Will they be the same KISS that the KISS Army has come to know and revere? Gene and Paul's answers to a question posed during the recording of **Rock and Roll Over** should make it clear.

"What," they were asked, "is it like being part of KISS?"

**Gene:** "All the fantasies you associate with stardom are true. My tongue has been in more hidden corners than your mind can imagine."

**Paul:** "It's like when you're growing up and you get hair on your chest and you don't think much of it. Then some women see it and say, 'WOW!' so you begin wearing your shirt open a few more buttons. It's a good feeling to know you satisfy a woman's needs, and it puts you in a position to have that woman satisfy yours. We communicate with our audiences in the same way."

"KISS," Paul continued, "is **proof** KISS restores the faith in young people that fantasies can come true!"

sible situations for a rock and roll band."

"It's like they say," Paul adds, "you have to know all the rules before you can break them. After being taught all the rules, through five albums, we've decided to write a few of our own. We've all grown as musicians and so our ideas about basic rock are different from three years ago. But then, the more you know, the more basic 'basic' can be."

Thus, when KISS took to the road last fall, they were travelling on the momentum of their finest album to date. "It was just like the beginning," Simmons says with eyes gleaming. "We



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# CHAPTER II

# PRECISELY AS HOT AS HELL!

PENCIL ART BY JOHN BUSCEMA

FOR GENE AND PAUL, THE PLUNGE THROUGH THE DIMENSIONAL GULF ENDS--

--IN THE UN-  
LIKELIEST OF  
ALL POSSIBLE  
SETTINGS.

WHY SUCH  
PUZZLEMENT,  
YOUNG ONES?  
CAN IT BE--

--YOU DO NOT  
RECOGNIZE  
THIS PLACE?

IT'S YOUR EVERLASTING RE-  
WARD--A PARTY CONTINUING  
UNTO ETERNITY-- WITH YOUR  
SELVES THE CENTERS OF  
ATTENTION!

ANY PLEASURABLE  
SENSATION YOU  
DESIRE SHALL BE  
PROVIDED.

YOU SHALL KNOW TOTAL SATISFACTION-- SPIRITUALLY, PHYSICALLY--

--IN ALL WAYS.

BUT OF COURSE! MORTALS  
ABOUND IN MISCONCEPTIONS  
ABOUT THE NATURE OF  
PARADISE.

THEY GEN-  
ERALLY EXPECT A  
CATHEDRAL, OR A  
FORTRESS, OR--

YOU'LL  
PARDON  
ME IF I'M  
SOMEWHAT...  
SKEPTICAL?

PAUL, I'M  
GOING TO SPLIT!  
YOU COMING OR  
STAYING?



ANGER, MOUNTING, HIS INTUITION CONFIRMED, THE DEMON WHIRLS--AND TURNS HIS FIERY WRATH ON THE ARCHANGEL!



AND THE  
LATTER IS  
AMUSED  
NO END.

BUT THE BLAST ELICITS MORE THAN LAUGHTER:



AND WHEN THE HOLOCAUST SUBSIDES, HE STANDS REVEALED AS--



MEPHISTO--  
LORD OF THE  
DARK DEPTHS!!

THE LANDSCAPE, TOO, IS  
RADICALLY ALTERED.



THIS IS INDEED--  
**HELL!**

JAGGED STALACTITES  
AND THE PUTRID  
STENCH OF SULFUR  
HAVE REPLACED THE  
BILLOWING MIST AND  
SOFT PERFUME, AND  
AS FOR THE LADIES--



--THOSE PRECUNIAL  
BEAUTIES-- THEY'VE  
CHANGED, ALSO-- TO  
GNARLED, LEATHERY,  
GROPING, CLAWING  
NAGS!



**SUCCUBI!**



NO, NO, PAULIE--  
DON'T SQUIRM!  
WE STILL  
WANT YOU!







Y-YOU MEANT TO  
TAME US-- SATE  
OUR EVERY PASSION  
--REDUCE US TO--



--HOUSEHOLD  
PETS? YES! PUNY,  
WELL-FED, AND  
EAGER TO DO MY  
BIDDING!

AND I SUBMIT YOU ARE A  
FOOL TO ESCHUE THE  
PLEASURES I OFFER--!

!UNNGH!  
ILLUSORY  
PLEASURES!



NO MORE SO THAN  
THE "FREEDOM" YOU  
STRUGGLE TO  
PRESERVE!

HAS IT YET TO DAWN ON  
YOU, BRUTE-- THAT I COULD  
ABDUCT YOU AGAIN--

--WHEN  
EVER I  
CHOOSE?



AND IF YOU  
DO-- YOU'LL  
FIND ME  
JUST AS  
CONTEN-  
TIOUS!

I RELISH  
MY NEW  
POWER-- I  
WANT TO  
SAVOR IT--  
WIELD IT AT  
MY WHIM!

BETTER  
BY FAR TO  
DOMINATE  
ON EARTH  
THAN TO  
SERVE IN  
HELL!!



HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

YOUR AUDACITY  
ASOUNDS EVEN  
MY JAPED  
SENSIBILITIES,  
DEMON!



VERY WELL-- BEGONE!  
WIELD YOUR PRECIOUS,  
PETTY POWER!

AT LEAST  
I MAY BE  
SPARED THE  
TASK OF YOUR  
TUTELAGE!

PERHAPS YOU'LL  
BE A SEASONED  
SLAYER OF SOULS--  
WHEN WE MEET  
AGAIN!

(PENCIL ART BY ALAN WEISS)



BODIES STRUT AND  
GLIDE ABOUT THE  
FLOOR WITH CLEAN,  
MECHANICAL GRACE  
AND GEARLIKE  
PRECISION...

THE BLARING  
RECORDED  
MUSIC MOVES  
MUCH THE  
SAME WAY.

THE SCENE IS  
COLORFUL... THE  
BEAT, HYPNOTIC,  
AND BENEATH  
THE LOUD, GAUDY  
VENEER...

...THERE'S NOTHING  
ALL FORM, NO SUB-  
STANCE.

IN SHORT,  
A DISCO.

ACE-- I THINK  
I'M GONNA BE  
SICK!

THAT'S SPACE  
OUT THERE--  
THE OL' FINAL  
FRONTIER!

WHERE ARE  
WE? WHAT'RE  
WE GONNA  
DO?!

I DUNNO  
ABOUT YOU  
CURLY...

...BUT IF I COULD  
KEEP MY BALANCE,  
I'D FIND A  
PARTNER AND  
DANCE!

SURELY THERE'S  
SOME CUTIE WHO'S  
CAUGHT YOUR  
EYE, HMM?



THERE IS INDEED, AND EVEN FROM ACROSS THE ROOM...

SHE MEETS HIS EYES! ACKNOWLEDGEMENT, INVITATION.

HE STEPS FORWARD, CURIOUS BUT SURE-FOOTED.

THEY MEET.

I AM CALLED MANDU.

CROSS-  
PETER  
CROSS.

...THE  
ATTRAC-  
TION  
SEEMS  
MUTUAL.

THEY  
DANCE.

AND TOUCH.

AND  
PURR.

AND WHEN THE  
MUSIC'S OVER...

...IT'S  
CLEAR  
THEY'RE  
THE HIT  
OF THE  
EVENING.

AMID APPLAUSE  
AND MURMURS,  
THEY LEAVE THE  
DANCE FLOOR...

...OBLIVIOUS  
TO ALL BUT  
ONE ANOTHER.

SO THIS  
IS  
ROMANCE.

OBOY...  
THERE'S  
GONNA BE  
TROUBLE  
TONIGHT!

MANDU IS BIG  
LEO'S QUEEN.

THAT LITTLE TOM  
AIN'T LONG FOR THIS  
SATELLITE!

UH-OH.



YOU'RE NEW AROUND HERE, AREN'T YOU, PETER CRISS, JUST PASSING THROUGH?

WELL...

IT WOULD BE NICE IF YOU COULD STAY... WITH ME. WOULD YOU LIKE THAT?

MAYBE... BUT IT'S HOT IN THE STARS, MANDU.

OH?

I'VE GOT THIS OTHER SIG... ON THIS OTHER WORLD... AND I'VE GOT TO SEE IT THROUGH.

CAN'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF 'ER, CAN YA, SHORTY? BUT YOU'D BETTER--

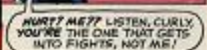
--IF YA WANNA KEEP 'EM!

'SCUSE ME, CURLY, BUT THAT LITTLE CAT IS MY FRIEND, AND--

TAP TAP

AH... PETER CRISS, MEET BIG LEO! LEO, UH-H, THANKS HE'S MY OLD MAN...!









(PENCIL ART BY RICH BUCKLER AND JOHN BUSCEMA)

AT FIRST, THE PAINFUL  
RUSH OF FRIGID AIR  
INTO THEIR LUNGS--

--IS EVEN MORE STARTLING  
THAN THEIR UNEXPECTED  
REUNION.

THAT'S  
TERRA  
FIRMA  
UNDER MY  
PLATFORMS!  
WE'RE  
BACK!

COULD  
BE, CURLY--  
BUT WE STILL  
OVERSHOT  
JERSEY  
CITY--

--BY SEVERAL  
THOUSAND  
COUNTRY  
MILES!

AYE, SPACE-AGE--AND I ASSUME YOU  
CAN DEPUCE WHICH COUNTRY!

HE COULDN'T  
DEPUCE HIS  
RIGHT HAND  
FROM HIS  
LEFT FOOT,  
BUT I--

WAIT!  
WHO--?

YOU!!

WE STAND  
UPON THE SLOPES  
OF THE LATVERIAN  
ALPS, MY FRIENDS!  
AND WE DO SO--

--SOLELY  
BECAUSE  
'TIS THE  
WILL OF  
DOCTOR  
DOOM!



SO HEAR ME WELL, FLAMING YOUTHS--FOR TIME IS SHORT.

ALL YOU'VE EXPERIENCED SINCE DEPARTING EARTH-- THE WONDERS, THE TEMPTATIONS, THE AGONYES--

PLAY HARD  
PLAY FAIR  
NOBODY HURT

ALL OF IT--  
HAS BEEN PART OF A  
PROCESS OF  
LEARNING  
AND  
GROWTH.



THE COSMIC COLLEGE OF HARD KNOCKS--?

YES! PRECISELY! AND YOU'VE LEARNED MUCH ABOUT YOUR NEWLY-EXPANDED SELVES--

ABOUT THE SCOPE OF YOUR POWER!



BUT SO HAS DOOM!

HE KNOWS NOW THAT YOUR LIFE-FORCES ARE INEXTRICABLY BOUND TO THE BOX OF KNYDZ.

HE KNOWS THAT TO ANGEL HIMSELF OF THE BOX'S POWER--

HE MUST EITHER ENSLAVE YOU--OR DESTROY YOU!



WE BATTLE DOO DOO-- TO THE FINISH!

IF NECESSARY-- YES! BUT NEVER FORGET--

RAW POWER, BRUTE FORCE WILL BE INSUFFICIENT TO DEFEAT HIM!



HE HAS EXPERIENCE--AND GENIUS-- AND AN IRON WILL ON HIS SIDE! AND HE IS FAR MORE PRACTICED THAN WE AT THE FINE ART OF DECEPTION.



MONKS-- GARBED IN GREY ROBES-- THEIR GENUINE SEPULCHRAL GREGORIAN-STYLE CHANT ECHOING OFF THE MOUNTAIN-SIDES AS HEADS BOWED, THEY SHUFFLE TOWARD DIZZY AND THE FOURSOME.

"WITNESS--OUR RECEPTION COMMITTEE!"







BUT BEFORE THE OTHERS CAN INQUIRE ABOUT ACE'S WEIRD ADMONITION, THE LIPS FORM A SENSUOUS "O"--

--AND COMMENCE TO INHALE!



STSK!  
NOW, BOYS,  
ONE DOESN'T  
RESIST A  
LOVER!

IT--IT'S  
SUCKING US  
IN-- CAN'T  
RESIST--!

THE HARDER YOU  
STRUGGLE AGAINST  
HER-- THE MORE  
FETAL HER AT-  
TRACTION GROWS.

SO DON'T  
STRUGGLE! DON'T  
FIGHT IT,  
JUST RELAX!



YEAARRGH

P-PAUL-- MAYBE  
HE'S RIGHT!

H-HE AND  
D-DIZZY--  
AREN'T BEING  
--AFFECTED--!



B-BUT HOW CAN WE  
RELAX WHEN--T



GO LIMP,  
KITTY-- AND  
BURY LIKE  
SOMEBODY'S  
SCRATCHING  
YOUR  
BELLY!

Y'MEAN  
JUST--  
YEAH--

NO! YOU'RE INSANE!  
WE'VE GOTTA FIGHT--

MUMMURRRS

DAMNIT,  
SUMMONS--  
DON'T FIGHT  
ME!!



I'M NOT GOING TO THE  
BOWELS OF THE EARTH  
BECAUSE YOU HADDA  
PLAY THE BIG  
HERO!

SO ROLL  
OVER AND  
SHUT UP!!

THUNK



HIS OWN ENERGY EXPENDED IN  
THE EFFORT OF CHAMING  
THE DEMON...



...THE STARCHILD,  
TOO, LIES LIMP  
AND EXHAUSTED.  
AND THE THREAT  
IS ENDED.







TOUCHED! FOR THE MEREST MOMENT, DOOM HESITATES--STARTLED AND APPARENTLY AFFECTED BY ACE'S OFF-THE-WALL ADMONITION.



STILL REELING FROM DOOM'S BLOW...

...PAUL NONETHELESS BRINGS TO BEAR THE POWER OF THE BLACK STAR!



AND DOOM STANDS IMMOBILE, FLOODED WITH EMOTION!

WHAT IS IT, DOOM? WHAT NERVE DID ACE TOUCH? TALK TO ME, MAN!

**NO!!**

YOU CAN'T SUPPRESS THE PAIN FOREVER, DOC!



DOOM'S HEAD THROBS--

--AS THE GRIM PAST REPLAYS BEFORE HIS MIND'S EYE.

TH- THEY KILLED... MY FATHER...!



"THEY--THE WORLD--MANKIND!"

"THEY KILLED MY FATHER--LYNCHED MY MOTHER--HOUNDED MY GYPSY BRETHREN--!"

"THEY DROVE ME--INTO THIS METAL SHEL--!"



AND THEY FORCED ME TO CHOOSE BETWEEN SUBSERVENCE AND SOVEREIGNTY!

THE FIRST WAS DEGRADING BUT SAFE--THE LATTER, FRAUGHT WITH PERIL...









Thus, the lid falls on the Box of Khyscz and this first MARVEL COMICS SUPER-SPECIAL starring KISS draws to a close. But before you bid us farewell and light out to become king or queen of your own nighttime world, we just gotta shout out loud:

# We! Wa-a-ant! YOU!!

See, as we mentioned in our editorial, this is Marvel's very first venture into the Elysian mine fields of rock 'n' roll. But we've already got the itch to do it again. And you can be of enormous help by letting us get to know you, by helping us plan our new magazines, by (why beat around the bush?) filling us in on a few semi-intimate details about yourself, your interests, your lifestyle. And we'll even make it worth your while! One lucky respondent to this questionnaire, chosen at random, will receive a page of the original art from this landmark KISS Comics magazine! So what are you waiting for? Start scribbling!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Okay, okay—now your real name! \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ How many brother and/or sisters do you have? \_\_\_\_\_ How many persons other than yourself  
family or friends, for example, will read this copy of KISS? \_\_\_\_\_

How did you first learn about Marvel's KISS magazine?

- ☐ Radio ☐ Magazine article ☐ Magazine advertisement  
☐ Marvel's Bullpen Page ☐ The grapevine ☐ Pure dumb luck  
☐ Other (specify) \_\_\_\_\_

Are you a regular reader of Marvel Comics? ☐ Yes ☐ No

If so, which are your favorites? \_\_\_\_\_

Approximately how many comics did you buy last month? \_\_\_\_\_

Which of the following magazines do you read regularly?

- ☐ Circus ☐ Rock Scene ☐ Creem ☐ Crawdaddy  
☐ Hit Parader ☐ Rolling Stone

What other publications do you read regularly? \_\_\_\_\_

Other than those assigned in school, what are the last three books you've read? \_\_\_\_\_

What are your favorite TV programs? \_\_\_\_\_

What are your favorite three leisure activities? \_\_\_\_\_

How many record albums have you purchased in the last month? \_\_\_\_\_ How many rock concerts have you  
attended in the past six months? \_\_\_\_\_ Who are your three favorite groups or individual artists? \_\_\_\_\_

Can you put into words what you like most about KISS? \_\_\_\_\_

Yeah. We know. That last one's difficult to explain in words. But thanks for sharing your feeling with us. When  
you've completed this questionnaire, please mail it to:

**WE! WANT! YOU!**  
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**575 Madison Avenue New York, NY 10022**

Deadline is August 1, 1977, to be eligible for that page of KISS artwork. Our winner will be notified by mail before  
September 30, 1977.



# KISS HEADLINES ALL OVER THE WORLD!



# Backstage

How a Comic Book Is Born

**Stage One: Conception.** In this case, it occurs when **Bill Aucoin** and **Alan Miller**, KISS's manager and director of promotion respectively, imbued the seed of an idea in the fertile mind of Marvel's publisher, **Stan Lee**.

**Stage Two: Embryonic Development.** Within the womb of Marvel, the cell divides. Stan assigns **Steve Gerber** the happy-if-frantic chore of editing and scripting the magazine. Steve meets with Alan, Bill, and with **Sean Delaney**, Aucoin Management's V.P. in Charge of Artist Development, and the genetic programming gets underway. So many pages of comics, so many pages of text, six toes, etc., etc. And Sean creates the concept of the "wishing box," or Box of khyss, as it comes to be known.

Steve selects **Alan Weiss** to "pencil" the book, i.e., illustrate the story in pencil drawings, and in several late-night sessions, the two shape a scenario, a plotline, which Steve dutifully types. The scenario includes descriptions of the settings and characters, fragmentary dialogue, suggestions for "camera angles," and so on.

**Stage Three: The Foetus.** Working from this synopsis, Alan starts drawing, feeding the pages to Steve for scripting. The writer also indicates the placement of balloons and captions for letterers **John Costanza** and **Irv Watanabe**. Mrs. Every page of a comic book is lettered by hand.

Soon, however, Marvel's sophisticated prenatal diagnostic devices—consisting of a calendar—reveal a problem. The penciled pages aren't arriving rapidly enough. Steve and Marvel's production manager **Sol Brodsky** call in three of Marvel's finest to aid in the penciling: **John Buscema**, best-known for his work on **CONAN THE BARBARIAN**, **Rich Buckler**, who created **DEATHLOCK** and penciled the **FANTASTIC FOUR**, and **Sal Buscema**, John's brother, who's drawn almost every Marvel magazine at one time or another.

The pages make their way from penciler to scripter to letterer to embellisher **Allen Milgrom**, who artfully applies India ink and an additional individualistic flair to the original art. Now it's permanent.

From the inker, the pages return to Marvel for coloring by one of this industry's most respected and sought-after practitioners of the art: **Marie Severin**.

**Stage Four: Labor.** Marie's color guides, prepared with special dyes on photocasts of the original art, accompany that artwork to the engraver for color separations, which is followed by the engraving of printing plates, which in turn are handed to the printer, and at last the presses roll. Now the editor can start pacing the corridors, wringing his hands like an expectant father.

That's how it's done. And, like the birth of a baby, it's often accompanied by weird side-effects: strange cravings—to strangle one's co-workers; morning-, noon-, and night-sickness as the deadline approaches; distended eyeballs; other symptoms too gruesome to describe.

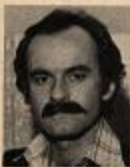
It all culminates in publication, when the magazine actually reaches the newsstands. It's the industry's answer not only to delivery but also orgasm, and though a poor substitute, it remains the only Blessed Event in publishing. Until the next deadline.

So now you know: all those stories they told you about storks were malicious lies! Comic books are made just like babies—by passionate, creative human beings.

Now, how about a round of applause for this veritable orgy of talent?



LEE



AUCCIN



DELANEY



GERBER



MILLER



J. BUSCEMA



WEISS



MILGROM



S. BUSCEMA



SEVERIN



BRODSKY

# PLATINUM PLATINUM PLATINUM PLATINUM PLATINUM



WBLP 1981-1986

PRODUCED BY EDIE S. BRAMER



WBLP 1982

PRODUCED BY BURT YEH



WBLP 1983

PRODUCED BY EDIE S. BRAMER

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